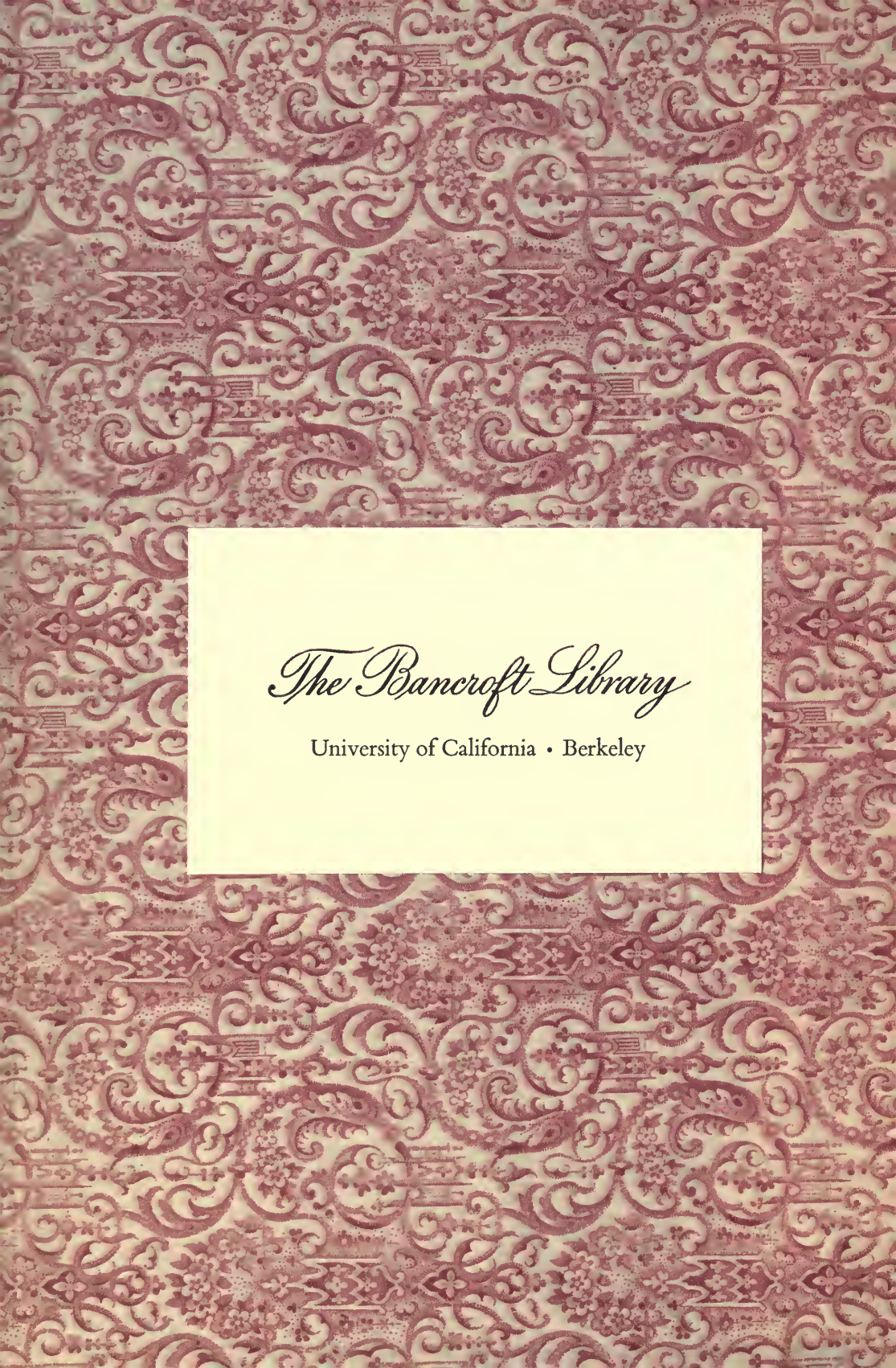
THE SHAKSPEARE GALLERY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ADDRESS.

THE vast number of female portraits which have recently been published in illustration of the productions of our modern authors, naturally excite, in the least reflective mind, the very obvious question, Wherefore have the sweet and beautiful characters of our great Poet—of *the* great Poet—of him with whose exquisite creations our imaginations have been familiarized from our earliest infancy, been neglected by the modern artist? Why has he, whose writings contain the most gorgeous and endless mine of lovely subjects for the pencil, been unheeded and forgotten, while the more material heroines of authors comparatively circumscribed and secondary, have been presented, and re-presented to us, under every form and aspect, almost *usque ad nauseam?*

This remarkable omission the present work is intended to remedy.

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Viola

London Published 1836 by the Proprietor by Charles Till Fleet Street

VIOLA.

Duke. How dost thou like this tune?

Viola. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves:
Hath it not, boy?

Viola. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Viola. Of your complexion.

Duke. She's not worth thee then. What years, i' faith?

Viola. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven; Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

Viola. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roses; whose fair flower,
Being once displayed, doth fall that very hour.

Viola. And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

TWELFTH NIGHT, *Act II. Scene IV.*

PT. 1.

Beatrice

London, Published 1836, for the Proprietor, by Charles Till, Fleet Street.

BEATRICE.

Benedick. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Beatrice. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Benedick. I will swear by it, that you love me; and I will make him eat it, that says, I love not you.

Beatrice. Will you not eat your word?

Benedick. With no sauce that can be devised to it: I protest I love thee.

Beatrice. Why then, God forgive me!

Benedick. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beatrice. You have staid me in a happy hour; I was about to protest, I loved you.

Benedick. And do it with all thy heart.

Beatrice. I love you with so much of my heart that none is left to protest.

Benedick. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beatrice. Kill Claudio.

Benedick. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beatrice. You kill me to deny it: Farewell!

Benedick. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beatrice. I am gone, though I am here;—there is no love you:—nay, I pray you, let me go.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.—*Act IV. Scene I.*

Anne Page.

London, Published 1840, for the Proprietor, by Charles Tilt, 86, Fleet Street.

ANNE PAGE.

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in, Sir?

Slender. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, Sir.

Slender. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth: Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow: *(Exit Simple.)* A justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man:—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: but what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit, till you come.

Slender. I' faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, Sir, walk in.

Slender. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruised my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence, three veneys for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.—*Act I. Scene I.*

Perdita

PERDITA.

Perdita. Now, my fairest friend,
I would, I had some flowers o' the spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours; and yours;
Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength; bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and, my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er.

Florizel. What? like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse: or if,—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers:
Methinks, I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun' pastorals: sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so, and own
No other function: Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

WINTER'S TALE.—*Act IV. Scene* 3.

Ophelia.

HAMLET ACT 4. SCENE 5.

Published 1836 for the Proprietor by Charles Till, Fleet Street.

OPHELIA.

Enter Ophelia, fantastically dressed with Straws and Flowers.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears, seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!—
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid with weight,
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!—
O heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love: and, where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

Oph. *They bore him barefac'd on the bier;*
Hey no nonny, nonny hey nonny:
And in his grave rain'd many a tear;—

Fare you well, my dove!

Laertes. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing, *Down-a-down, an you call him a-down-a.* O, how the wheel becomes it! it is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness; thoughts and remembrance filled.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines:—there's rue for you; and here's some for me:—we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays:—you may wear your rue with a difference.—There's a daisy:—I would give you some violets; but they withered all, when my father died:—They say, he made a good end.—

HAMLET.—*Act IV. Scene* 5.

Helena

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY Pt 6

ALLS WELL THAT ENDS WELL. ACT I SC[illegible]

London Published 1836 for the Proprietor by Charles Tilt Fleet Street.

HELENA.

Helena. O, were that all!—I think not on my father;
And these great tears grace his remembrance more
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favour in it but Bertram's.
I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind, that would be mated by the lion,
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table; heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour:
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here?

ALL'S WELL THAT END'S WELL.—*Act I. Scene I.*

Fulvia

JULIET.

Juliet. Come hither, nurse: What is yon gentleman?
Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.
Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door?
Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.
Jul. What's he, that follows there, that would not dance?
Nurse. I know not.
Jul. Go, ask his name:—if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.
Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.
Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.
Nurse. What's this? what's this?
Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withal. *(One calls within,* Juliet.)
Nurse. Anon, anon:—
Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone. *(Exeunt.)*

ROMEO AND JULIET.—*Act I. Scene* 5.

Rosalind.

Published for the Proprietor by Charles Street.

Orlando. Did you ever cure any so?

Rosalind. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; then I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic: And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I'll show it to you: and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live: Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind:—Come, sister, will you go? *(Exeunt.)*

As You Like It.—*Act III. Scene 2.*

ISABELLA.

Isabella. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language.

Angelo. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet; and you tell me,
That he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isab. I know, your virtue hath a licence in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.

Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
And most pernicious purpose!—Seeming, seeming!—
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or, with an outstretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
Aloud, what man thou art.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.—*Act II. Scene* 4.

SHAKESPEARE GALLERY. NO 10. OTHELLO ACT 1 SCENE 3

DESDEMONA.

Othello. These things to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever, as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively: I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore,—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake:
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.

OTHELLO.—*Act I. Scene* 3.

Jessica.

JESSICA.

Shylock. The patch is kind enough; but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat; drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in;
Perhaps, I will return immediately;
Do, as I bid you,
Shut doors after you: Fast bind, fast find;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. *(Exit.)*

Jessica. Farewell: and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. *(Exit.)*

MERCHANT OF VENICE.—*Act II. Scene 5.*

LAVINIA.

Lavinia. O Tamora, be called a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place:
For 'tis not life, that I have begg'd so long;
Poor I was slain, when Bassianus died.

Tamora. What begg'st thou, then? Fond woman, let me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit;
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.—*Act II. Scene* 3.

Desdemona

CRESSIDA.

Agamemnon. Is this the Lady Cressid?
Diomedes. Even she.
Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.
Nestor. Our General doth salute you with a kiss.
Ulysses. Yet is the kindness but particular;
'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.
Nest. And very courtly counsel; I'll begin.—
So much for Nestor.
Achilles. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:
Achilles bids you welcome.
Menelaus. I had good argument for kissing once.
Patroclus. But that's no argument for kissing now:
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment;
And parted thus you and your argument.
Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!
For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.
Patro. The first was Menelaus' kiss;—this, mine:
Patroclus kisses you.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.—*Act IV. Scene* 5.

JULIA.

Proteus. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal
This letter;—that's her chamber. Tell my lady,
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary. *(Exit Proteus.)*

Julia. How many women would do such a message?
Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertained
A fox, to be the shepherd of thy lambs:
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good-will:
And now am I (unhappy messenger!)
To plead for that, which I would not obtain;
To carry that, which I would have refused;
To praise his faith, which I would have disprais'd.
I am my master's true confirmed love;
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet I will woo for him; but yet so coldly,
As, heaven, it knows, I would not have him speed.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.—*Act IV. Scene* 4.

PRINCESS.

Enter the PRINCESS, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, *and* MARIA.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in:
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!——
Look you, what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this? yea, as much love in rhyme,
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all;
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his god-head wax;
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him; he kill'd your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;
And so she died: had she been light like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might have been a grandam ere she died:
And so may you, for a light heart lives long.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.—*Act V. Scene II.*

TITANIA.

Enter TITANIA, *with her train.*

Tita. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence:
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some, war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some, keep back
The clam'rous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint spirits: sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

SONG.

1 *Fai.* *You spotted snakes, with double tongue,*
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen.

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby;
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

II.

2 *Fai.* *Weaving-spiders come not here:*
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence:
Beetles black, approach not near:
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

1 *Fai.* Hence, away; now all is well:
One, aloof, stand sentinel.

(*Exeunt* FAIRIES. TITANIA *sleeps.*)

Louise

OLIVIA.

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture.

Look you, Sir, such a one I was this present:
Is't not well done? *(Unveiling.)*

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, Sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, Sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried; and every particle, and utensil, labelled to my will: as item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

TWELFTH NIGHT.—*Act I. Scene 5.*

GALLERY. PL 18.

HENRY VII. ACT 4. SC. 1.

ANNE BULLEN.

At length Her Grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the altar: where she kneel'd, and, saint-like,
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and prayed devoutly.
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the Archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a Queen;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her; which performed, the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum.* So she parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back again,
To York-place, where the feast is held.

KING HENRY VIII.—*Act IV. Scene* 1.

Imogen.

IMOGEN.

Enter IMOGEN, *in boy's clothes.*

Imogen. I see, a man's life is a tedious one:
I have tired myself; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think,
Foundations fly the wretched: such, I mean,
Where they should be relieved. Two beggars told me,
I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie,
That have affliction on them; knowing 'tis
A punishment, or trial? Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true: To lapse in fulness
Is sorer, than to lie in need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings, than beggars.—My dear lord!
Thou art one of the false ones: Now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food.—But what is this?
Here is a path to it; 'Tis some savage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards: hardness ever
Of hardiness is mother.—Ho! who's here?
If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,
Take, or lend.—Ho!—No answer; then I'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Such a foe, good heavens! [*She goes into the cave.*

CYMBELINE.—*Act III. Scene* 6.

Cleopatra.

CLEOPATRA.

Cleopatra. O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demy Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men.—He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, '*Where's my serpent of old Nile?*'
For so he calls me;—Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison:—Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time! Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.—*Act I. Scene 5.*

Queen Margaret.

QUEEN MARGARET.

Messenger. My lord ambassador, these letters are for you;
Sent from your brother, marquis Montague.
These from our king unto your majesty.—
And, madam, these for you; from whom, I know not.
[*To Margaret. They all read their letters.*

Oxford. I like it well, that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark, how Lewis stamps as he were nettled:
I hope, all's for the best.

King Lewis. Warwick, what are thy news? and your's, fair queen?

Queen Margaret. Mine, such as fills my heart with unhoped joys.

Warwick. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lewis. What! has your king married the Lady Grey?
And now, to sooth your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Q. Mar. I told your majesty as much before:
This proveth Edward's love, and Warwick's honesty.

HENRY VI. PART THIRD.—*Act III. Scene* 3.

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